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November, 1871.

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THE CHURCH REGISTER.

November, 1871.

THE PARISH OF St. LAZARUS—A MISSIONARY STORY.

JAMES F. CONOVER.

CHAPTER I.

'Can these dry bones live? And I answered Lord God Thou knowest."—*Ezekiel*, xxxvii, 3.

"I do not think that it will be possible this year for our Parish to continue its missionary contributions," observed the Rev. Josiah Cranch, Rector of St. Lazarus, to a member of the Vestry of that Parish, with whom he was conversing.

"I quite agree with you," observed the gentlemen addressed: "The Church windows need repairing, the tower ought to be re-painted, and our sexton has made application for an increase of salary."

"It is also true," replied the Rector, "that we have a missionary field of our own ready to our hand. There are heathen at our doors. How many people in this city—men women and children—never enter the Sanctuary on the Lord's Day? How many children might with a little diligence be gathered into the Sunday School; nor have the communion alms supplied even the wants of our own poor. It does seem to me that it is time to reserve our contributions for our home work."

"I think so too," replied the Vestryman. "Our people are utterly oppressed and discouraged with the incessant appeals made to them for contributions."

"I observe," further remarked the Rector, "in looking over the Convention Journal just issued, that there are more than twenty parishes in the Diocese which have not in five years contributed a cent to missions. Why should we continue our contributions, when these parishes, the most of them wealthy and influential, do nothing?"

The foregoing conversation was held in view of an approaching meeting of the Vestry of St. Lazarus, when among other subjects of parish interest, that of Church offerings for the ensuing year was to be discussed. At this meeting the views of the Rector and Mr. Burnett, the vestryman with whom he was conversing, as above narrated, readily

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prevailed, for although the parish was not deficient in wealth, yet, owing to some defect of management, its financial affairs had been much depressed the past year, and the readiest mode of retrenchment, seemed to be, to suspend all offerings for missions. In one respect, it was singular that this decision should have been arrived at. The Parish of St. Lazarus, was founded by the Domestic Board of Missions, and for four years drew a stipend from the Treasury of the Board, and there were members of the existing congregation, who could well recall the Christian self-denial of Rev. Mr. Morrell, the venerable missionary who first held the services of the Church, in the then village, but now thriving city of Maximus. After the Domestic Board had withdrawn its help, the Diocesan Missionary Board still extended aid for two years further. For five years past the parish had been self-sustaining, and not a few of the old parishoners, in the rapid increase of the city in population and business, had become men of wealth. The present Rector had been in charge of the Parish about two years. The first year he called upon the congregation for the Advent Collection, but did not respond to the Epiphany appeal for Foreign Missions, and the second year he took up no collection for Missions at all. There was only one copy of *The Spirit of Missions* taken in the Parish, and that was by the good, but eccentric Dr. Barnabas, who for his old-fashioned notions had been dropped from the Vestry three years before the time of which we are now writing. The leading members of the Pariah had for a considerable time talked over various projects of home work, such as a Mission Sunday School in an outlying ward, and services at the Jail and Poorhouse, but nothing praetical had been done, and some gentlemen and ladies who at first appeared to have a lively interest in these projects of work, had withdrawn entirely from their consideration. Dr. Barnabas used to say, that men who made an excuse for not spreading the Gospel abroad, that they wanted to spread it at home, never intended to spread it anywhere, but he was noted for droll remarks of this character.

CHAPTER II.

The meeting of the Vestry alluded to above, was held upon the Saturday night before the Third Sunday in Advent, and the Rector resolved to say a few words to the congregation the next day, concerning the necessity of pushing to completion the repairs upon the Church building, urging as a special reason for liberal offerings, the faet, that during the ensuing year the contributions of the parish would be wholly expended within its bounds. He consulted his friend, Mr. Burnett, as to the propriety of such a step, and the latter strongly advised it.

When Mr. Cranch had returned from the Vestry Room to his study at home however, he did not feel quite at ease in his mind, but could not tell why. As he was sorting some papers on the study table, his eye fell upon the Advent appeal of the Domestic Committee of the Board of Missions, which he had received some days previously, but had laid aside without reading. He curiously glanced at its contents, and that passage which announeed a deficiency in the finances of the Board of some $10,000, deplored the falling off of eontributions, and especially appealed to the 1400 parishes that contributed nothing last year to come to the rescue, arrested his attention on the instant. It impressed him for the moment as though printed in raised letters, and he involuntarily passed his hand over the paper to assure himself it was not. He, however, soon crumpled the appeal in his hand and threw it in the waste basket. This circumstanee made him feel still more un-

comfortable, and he had a strong impulse to take the appeal from the basket and read it again. But then he thought "what's the use? The Vestry have decided against any collection for Missions this year." By way of fortifying himself in his opinion against contributions this year, he took up the last Convention Journal, intending to again examine the report of the Diocesan Missionary Committee, and refresh his mind as to the number of parishes that had contributed nothing to Missions in or out of the Diocese. He found the number twenty-one, out of an aggregate of seventy-five parishes. If the Parish of St. Lazarus was delinquent, it was delinquent in a goodly company. As he looked aimlessly through the Journal after finding what he was in search of, he observed for the first time, an extract from the Canons of the Diocese, requiring every Rector to take up a collection for Diocesan Missions on the Second Sunday of every month. He thought it very strange he had never read this Canon before; and he read it through a second time, to be sure he had not misunderstood it. Why had he not seen this just before the late Vestry meeting, instead of just after it? It was something he ought to have known sooner, and he felt condemned for his neglect and ignorance. His evening devotions were distracted, and on retiring it was a long time before he could sleep.

It is the experience of every thoughtful person who follows with a devotional spirit our impressive and beautiful liturgy, that at times the mind is in such condition as to be peculiarly impressed by passages it had passed over many times before without special attention; to discover in them a new meaning, and to connect them with other analogous parts of the service, by a singular and striking assimilation. So the Rev. Mr. Craneh, on the next day, while reading the service and lessons, was impressed as he never had been before. In the opening sentences, he had rarely read the text from Malachi I. 11, but to-day after reading the first sentence he passed mechanically on to the second, and read in a voice almost tremulous:

"From the rising of the Sun even until the going down of the same, My name shall be great among the Gentiles; and in every place incense shall be offered unto My name and a pure offering; for My name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of Hosts."

This text fairly startled the Rector. He had never so felt its force before, and an echo seemed to come back from the organ loft: "*In every place incense shall be offered unto My name*," and "*My name shall be great among the heathen saith the Lord of Hosts.*" In the General Confession, the penitent utterance, "We have left undone those things we ought to have done," sank into his heart as a divinely appointed comment on the language of the prophet. It seemed to him as though the service gradually divested itself of its usual characteristics, and became inspired with missionary fervor. His mind was specially attracted to the petitions "Thy Kingdom come" in the Lord's Prayer, and "We beseech Thee for all sorts and conditions of men, that Thou would'st be pleased to make Thy ways known unto them and *unto all nations*," in the Prayer for all Conditions of Men; and then, too, the language of adoration for "Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world," in the General Thanksgiving, was full of suggestiveness. In the Second Lesson for the morning, St. Luke, III., 6, where it is declared that "all flesh shall see the salvation of God;" and the verses in the Epistle placed there, as if to enforce duties suggested by the passages that had most engaged his mind,—"It is required of stewards, that men be found faithful,"—were imbued with an unusual power of solemn depression.

As may readily be imagined, when Mr. Cranch eame to give out the usual notices before the Hymn, preeeding the sermon, he was in no frame of mind to make the remarks he had resolved upon in view of the aetion of the Vestry concerning Missionary offerings. But for the faet that he had spoken to Mr. Burnett of the notice, he would have said nothing upon the subject, whatsoever. As it was, he made no allusion to the suspension of offerings for Missions, but observed that during the ensuing week a paper would be eireulated by a Committee of the Vestry, for subseriptions to meet repairs upon the Chnreh bnilding and some extra parish expenses, and expressed a hope that there would be a liberal response.

It may be harsh to say it, but Mr. Craneh was heartily glad when the serviees of the day were over. It had been a day of mental and spiritual torture to him. He was, at night, in sueh a state of mind as he had never been, exeept when under deep convietion of sin preceding his confirmation. In no other ear in the Parish of St. Lazarus, had the Advent trump sounded with sueh alarming effeet on that day, as in that of the Rector. He sought relief in prayer, but as he had no sense of the need of pnblie penitence, eonfession, and amendment, he rose from his knees still oppressed by remorse and without consolation.

CHAPTER III.

On Tuesday of the next week as Mr. Craneh sat in his stndy looking out through the window upon the gray sky and the wintry lawn, the well known gig of Dr. Barnabas stopped before the front gate. The Doetor soon alighted, slammed the gate after him, passed qniekly, with a kind of jerking movement up the broad walk, and was reeeived at the front door with extended hand and a kindly greeting, by the Reetor of St. Lazarus.

"Well, Mr. Craneh," observed the Doetor in a shrill voiee, when he was seated by the fire, and had unbuttoned his great eoat, "I am glad to find you alone. I was afraid some of those women committees I so often find here, might baffle me again."

"I am glad to see you, Doetor," replied the Reetor, and he added, laughing; "The ladies' eommittees cannot have troubled you mueh, as it is full three months sinee you were here before."

"I haven't hardly been soeiable," rejoined the Doetor, "but I have been very bnsy. I drove over, however, to see you last week, but just as I got to the corner, I saw a squad of women filing up the walk, and I withdrew."

"O yes! I remember. The ladies of the Parish have been considering the formation of a sewing soeiety, to raise a fnnd toward starting a mission in the suburbs, and held a preliminary meeting, on invitation of Mrs. Cranch, at the Reetory last week."

Now, while the Doetor is drawing off his long heavy overcoat, and smashing it down very flat in an adjoining chair, we will take a look at him. He is a tall man, some over six feet high, with ereet iron-gray hair, is slightly bald in front, has a light blue eye, a heavy beard, and a qniek nervous movement. As he rises to his full height you will notice he is straight as an arrow, and that the appearanee of his dress is rather slovenly than otherwise. He must be over fifty years of age, and everything about his appearanee and movements denotes a marked individnality. He was one of the founders of the parish, and had always taken an aetive interest in its prosperity. Until two years ago he had been a member of the Vestry, and a warden. He was a man of many eeeentricities, as people called them, bnt it would have been nearer eorreet, to say he was a man of great independenee of charaeter, and

strong convictions of duty. He despised conventionality of all kinds, and was uncommonly free in the expression of his opinions. He was an old fashioned Churchman, whose sympathies could not be confined by Parish or Diocesan bonnds; who hated Church parties and Parish tattle, and gave statedly, as a matter of Christian dnty, to all the Church charities. In the Parish of St. Lazarus, where but few responded, and few sang, the Doctor was conspicuons for his lond responses in the service and sonorous singing. When rallied upon it sometimes, he used to laughingly reply, that he had to respond and sing for all the parish, and was trying to do his duty. The natural shrillness of his voice had been somewhat intensified of late years by a slight deafness. We may add to this, that he was a man of culture, and had seen much of the world.

After the Doctor had resumed his seat and placed his handkerchief across his knees, he remarked interrogatively: "You remember Paul Arnold, son of the widow out'on the west tract, who was confirmed last year?"

"Yes, perfectly, and a most exemplary young man he is; but, by the way, I have not seen him recently."

"No, he has not been in the city for some months, having found a lucrative situation at Appleton, where he had a prospect of becoming a partner in the flourishing business of his employer. However, he has recently made up his mind to study for the Sacred Ministry, and has written to me to consult with you upon the subject, and see if the Parish conld not do something toward his snpport at Nashotah. You know he is a man of no property."

"I am trnly glad to hear of his decision, but as to what the Parish would do for him Doctor, you are as well qualified to jndge as I am."

"I regret to say," observed the Doctor, "that his mother is very much opposed to the step he proposes to take. He is her only son, and she has naturally looked to him for future support. Although an attendant upon our services, she is not, as you know, a communicant; indeed, was rarely seen in Church before her son's confirmation. She complains that the clergy are so poorly paid, and is specially solicitous in the case of her son, who avows his intention to become a missionary, the poorest paid and most neglected of all the poor paid clergy. They are in fact, in too many instances, the victims of a conspiracy of neglect among their more fortunate brethren, who heartlessly keep the knowledge of their pressing necessities from their congregations. I am scarcely surprised at the objections of Mrs. Arnold, and yet I deplore them, and have endeavored to remove them."

Mr. Cranch moved uneasily in his seat, and the color came and went on his cheek. For an instant he thought it must have been the intention of the Doctor to insult him, but as he looked in the face of his visitor, who was gazing abstractedly at the blazing coals in the grate, he dismissed that thought, and recalled that he had heard the Doctor speak in a similar vein before, but without making any impression upon him. Indeed, he was interested personally in better salaries for the clergy, which he had often heard the Doctor vehemently demand. Finally he said:

"What do you think Doctor, about the Parish doing something for him. I certainly wish they might do something. Young Arnold is not only a very pious man, but possesses decided ability, and a most agreeable manner united to great energy."

"I confess," said the Doctor, "I have not much hope. The Parish seems to be as dead as was Lazarus, for whom it is named. I met Burnett yesterday with that subscription you spoke about Sunday, a week ago. He said he had

been carrying it about for the past week, had visited four-fifths of the congregation, and had less than thirty dollars subscribed. The people are wholly out of the way of giving, and keep their pockets shut up tight no matter how worthy the appeal. I am not at all sorry for Burnett personally, for he is one of that class of short-sighted men, although not stingy himself, who thinks a parish ought to keep its money at home until it has spent it for everything it can think of, and let the heathen, and poor churches, and the missionaries take care of themselves."

Mr. Cranch looked grave, but made no reply. Certainly, he thought, not much had been gained thus far in contributions for the parish, by refusing to contribute to all objects outside of it.

"Now look at the effect of this sort of policy in the case we are considering," continued the Doctor: "The Lord calls for laborers in His harvest, and puts it into their hearts to come and work for Him, and the Church that claims to be doing his work, and to be animated by His spirit, by its irreligious parsimony or heartless indifference, either keeps the laborers out of the field, or drives them out after they have once gone there, and lets the Devil gather the harvest."

This piquant and original way of stating the case, deeply impressed Mr. Cranch, and yet he said nothing. He knew the Doctor disapproved the omission of missionary contributions last year, for he had told him so. He wondered if the recent action of the Vestry upon the subject was known to the Doctor, and whether that blunt old gentleman was firing at him from ambush. If aimed at random, his conscience testified that the shots told with amazing effect.

"As I view the matter," continued the Doctor, who had now risen to his feet, and begun to gesticulate with great animation, "a clergyman can no more omit to encourage, recommend, and support missions than he can omit to pray. The Holy Apostles were all missionaries, and the same blessed Saviour who said 'watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation,' or, as through His Holy Apostle St. Paul, 'pray without ceasing,' also said, 'go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Both of these are divine commands. How can a clergyman select the one to obey and neglect the other? Prayer ascends to Heaven upon the wings of love, and our Saviour says, 'if ye love me ye will keep my commandments.' There are those of His ministering stewards who not only disobey His commandments, thus certifying they do not love Him, but still offer prayers to Him, as though the Holy Spirit would bear to the throne such petitions, interceding there with 'groanings which cannot be uttered,' that they may be answered."

The vehemence of the Doctor startled the Rector, and he replied hastily, "O Doctor, you seriously misjudge us, I assure you, you misjudge us! All cannot be missionaries; all are not able to support missions."

"I know that all cannot be missionaries. But there are those like young Arnold who are willing to do the work of the Master as Missionaries, and those who can help them, won't help them. What does St. Paul say in his Epistle to the Romans? Ah, here is a Bible, said the Doctor reaching to the study table. He soon turned to the text, Romans X, 13, 14, 15, and read the following. "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they had not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

"That is it," continued the Doctor;

"will St. Lazarus Parish help send Paul Arnold, that men for whom Christ died but who know it not, may call upon His name and be saved?"

"As I have already said, Doctor, I most earnestly hope St. Lazarus will," responded Mr. Cranch.

"This parish ought not only to help educate him, but it ought to support him in the mission field. He is its first and only candidate for Orders, and the Parish is abundantly able to support him. There was one party given by a parishioner last month, the cost of which would have kept him two years in a mission field. There were ten women at that party, who each carried two missionaries annual salaries on their backs, and it has cost more to color Judge ——s nose and his meerschaum, than all the Church will spend on its Western Missionary jurisdiction in the next five years. I see at Church every Sunday, men who would put nothing into a contribution plate, but who spend over Sixty dollars a year for cigars, while the needless frippery worn by the women of an ordinary congregation on a single Sunday, would establish a new mission in any Western territory. What do you suppose Judge ——s excuse to Mr. Burnett was for not contributing to Church repairs?"

"I have no idea," said Mr. Cranch.

"His club had resolved to engage in the regatta he said, and he had been assessed all he could stand for a new shell boat! It is not true that men and women are not able to support missions; they are not willling. They are mostly not well informed as to the work and want of missions. They think the support of missions is something they may do or omit, whereas it ought to be impressed upon them as an imperative Christian duty which they can omit only at their own souls peril, and at peril of being held accountable for the lost souls of their neighbors. But above all, there is such lamentable lack of earnestness in the conduct of professing Christians —they are in such close conformity to the world—that worldly men take the estimate they put upon the religion of Christ and act upon it. How different from the thought in the parable, in which our Lord set forth the value of the Gospel, when he likened it unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it."

At this point of the discourse, the Doctor glanced at his watch, and seeing that the hour had arrived for a promised professional call, hastily encased himself in his overcoat and took his departure. Mr. Cranch bade him a kindly good-bye at the door, but when the Doctor had passed the gate and the Rector had shut the door, he drew a long breath and felt a great and instant relief. All the old distress of conscience that he had felt on the Sunday night alluded to in a former chapter, however, soon returned, and with it a feeling of helplessness in an utterly wrong position. He could not go on as he had done, with his conscience so thoroughly aroused and enlightened; but how could he extricate himself? He resolved in a spirit of deep penitence and humility to pray for light and strength.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Cranch, who in addition to being a most devoted wife and mother, was a woman of rare good sense and earnest piety, had observed with increasing concern the deep depression of her husband, and had sought in her own mind to discern the cause. She did not care to openly pry into that which he did not choose to tell. The intercourse between them had not only been marked by a high degree of Christian courtesy, but had been without reserve. Mr. Cranch had been accustomed to consult her on his plans, and crave her sympathy and counsel in his trials. She felt confident that in due time he would dis-

close the cause of his present trouble, although she could not divest herself of present solicitude. She noted that he had been of late, more than usual in his study, and feared he was confining himself too closely. She heard the high tone of Dr. Barnabas's voice in the study, and would have thought some personal difference between her husband and the Doctor had occurred, and was weighing on his mind, but for the fact that Mr. Cranch's depression ante-dated that interview.

By way of lightening the burden whatever it might be, by drawing attention from it, she had arranged to have her mother who resided in another part of the city, and several of the intimate friends of the family drop in to take tea with them the day after Dr. Barnabas's visit. It was a thoughtful and kindly device, which produced the best effect. The nature of Mr. Cranch was eminently social, and while his manner was more subdued than usual, he seemed to enjoy meeting with his friends very much. The affairs of the Parish were naturally talked over, and the company all observed that Mr. Cranch was never so full of projects of future activity, and that the tone of his conversation while alluding frequently to past deficiencies, was full of courage and hope for the future.

The determination of young Arnold to study for the ministry was mentioned by Mr. Cranch and was a subject of general congratulation, for all present knew him well, and esteemed him highly. Mr. Cranch avowed his determination to call upon the Parish to assume his support at Nashotah.

"I am afraid," observed Mrs. Henry, who was a member of the small company present, "that you will not receive much encouragement in your call upon the Parish to help young Arnold. I understand that scarcely anything has been subscribed on the paper now circulating for Church repairs. Somehow our people are not a giving people."

"It cannot be," observed Mr. Cranch pensively, "that this results from too frequent applications for their liberality, for they have not been called on for anything, scarcely."

"That is true," observed Mr. Jones, another of the company. "I have sometimes thought, that if the people had been called upon oftener, put in sympathy more with the work of the Diocese, and the Church at large outside the Parish, and accustomed to contributing, they would do more within the Parish."

"That is just what our old Rector in Western New York used to hold, my dear," said Mr. Henry, addressing his wife first, with a slight inclination of the head, and then turning to the company as if to repeat to them the same remark.

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. Henry. "I have heard him say that there were always a class of men in every parish who discouraged calls upon the people for money, insisted that they were too poor to pay, that they would be kept away from Church by calls for money, that the Gospel ought to be free, and all that; but said he, 'I never minded that. I felt that they couldn't keep my conscience, or meet my responsibilities, and so I arranged a regular series of contributions for missions, the Society for the Increase of the Ministry, etc, and when a special request for help that I thought worthy was made, I repeated the application to the congregation, and I always got something. I satisfied my own conscience, and put the responsibility to give or refuse, in view of their Christian duty, on the consciences of my parishioners.'"

Mr. Cranch listened with the most absorbed interest. "Of course," he said, "every parish must make a start in more active work, and why may not St. Lazarus make its start in assuming the education of Paul Arnold for the Ministry?"

"I used to know the father of Paul

Arnold at the East," remarked Mr. Thrall who had not yet joined in the conversation. "He was for many years a leading merchant of our village, but sustained reverses, and after his death Mrs. Arnold moved West hoping to obtain employment for her son and better their condition. I think Matthew Arnold, which was the father's name, was a Methodist. He was a good man; one of the few truly magnanimous men I ever knew who had the courage to openly acknowledge he had done wrong, and make every restitution in his power. Indeed, I have heard that his failure in business was in good part brought about by his efforts to save from bankruptcy, a friend whose better judgment he had overruled by his advice, and induced to enter upon a disastrous speculation."

There was further conversation in a vein similar to that I have related above, but I need not repeat it. How much wiser Mrs. Cranch had been than she knew, in her plan for the gratification of her husband! Who doubts but God in his tender love, put it into the heart of the dear little woman to do just what she did do? The whole tenor of the conversation was an inconceivable encouragement to Mr. Cranch. The remarks of Mrs. Jones, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry, especially the reminiscence by the latter of her old pastor at the East, were as so much balm poured into a wounded and sorrowful heart, while the special quality in the character of the father of young Arnold, selected by Mr. Thrall for his eulogy, was pregnant with a suggestion of his own duty. If God had searched his conscience, and lacerated his heart in the painful experiences we have already recorded, He had not wholly withdrawn the light of His countenance, or ceased to be gracious to him. He could not for an instant doubt that this conversation was a direct answer to his prayer for the light and strength he had so earnestly songht. The dreadful burden had become very much lighter, and he had resolved upon an entire change of ministerial life for the future, which he fearlessly executed as will appear in due time.

The company dispersed and went home at an early hour. Just as Mr. and Mrs. Cranch had returned from the door after dismissing the last of them, Mrs. Cranch observed to her husband:

"Josiah, you have not been in the study since you came in this afternoon, have you?" He replied in the negative, and she resumed; "there is a letter on the table for you that the postman brought while you were out."

Mr. Cranch stepped into the study, got the letter, and brought it out into the sitting room where his wife and little son, who had just passed his third birthday were seated. He opened the letter, looked at the date and signature with a surprised expression on his face, and began to read it. As he read, his countenance became deeply serious, and he several times brushed away a tear that trickled down his cheek. He at once read the letter again aloud to Mrs. Cranch. It was as follows:

"—— Montana Territory, Nov. 7, '70.

'My Dear old Chum and Brother in Christ:

"You will be surprised to hear from me at this distant point, and upon a subject so painful to me, as that upon which I write. I have seen you but once since we were in the Seminary together five years ago, and that was casually at a railroad station in New York, when you was on your wedding tour. A few months after that, I was married, and was settled for over two years in a parish in Vermont, but seeing the earnest call for clergymen in our new missionary jurisdictions at the West, I, after consultation with my wife, and a season of prayerful waiting for guidance, offered myself to Bishop ——— and was appointed by him to the Missionary sta-

tion at this place. I have now labored here over a year amid many discouragements, and serious bereavements. It is a town settled by a rough mining population, and but small religious impression can be made upon the inhabitants, although my work has not been without fruit. We occupy the field alone, and even in my deep sorrow, I praise God that we are here to occupy it. We still hold our services in a rough wood structure, and the congregations are sometimes large, but they are composed of a people who do almost nothing for the support of the minister. The lack of female society here, that a reputable woman could make friends of, was a great cross to Mrs. Lenox. She was not in robust health when she came here, and the climate was unfavorable to her, but she would not think of my giving up a field where I might be useful, on that account. She thought she would shortly become acclimated. But it was not to be so, and having contracted a severe cold, she passed away in the full hope of a blessed resurrection, last March, leaving me our little Bessie who was then fourteen months old. It was a fearful stroke, out here in this lone and unfriended country; but 'the Lord gave and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' He has enabled me to bear the affliction as I had not supposed possible. The child sadly missed a mother's care, and it was a poor substitute for that care I could secure here. In fact she contracted small-pox from the half-breed woman I had engaged to care for her, and the disease proved fatal. I buried the dear child early last June. I had not been well myself for some time, and having passed through the small-pox also, I am now physically a wreck, and unfit for further service. My stipend as a missionary would have been inadequate to my support, even if we had remained in health and my family had not been broken up. Living is very high here, and the added expenses of sickness reduced me to great extremities. Added to this, my salary has been paid very irregularly. I have been compelled to sell my library piecemeal, and to part with almost everything of value I had, even including some precious keepsakes. I had the mortification and sorrow to see a breastpin that once belonged to my mother, that I was compelled to sell to a miner, shining on the bosom of a woman of ill-repute in a public assembly. I am of no use here now, and am not able to get away. As you are aware, I was an orphan when in college, and have no relations to apply to, I write to you, for I know no person to whom I could so freely write, to see if you cannot get me some pecuniary help in the way of a loan, by which I may be enabled to make my way to the East again, where I hope to find some light employment, rest, and recover my health. Pardon this application which will doubtless surprise you. I do not know who else to apply to.

"Yours in the work of the Lord

THOMAS LENOX."

As the reading of the letter was completed, tears stood in the eyes of both the Rector and his wife, and Mr. Cranch exclaimed in a burst of affecting agony that his wife for the instant did not understand: "O my God, it did not need this, it did not need this! Thou had'st spoken and Thy servant had already heard!" He placed his head between his two hands, bent over and shook with audible sobs. When more calm, he observed to Mrs. Cranch, that Lenox, of whom she had often heard him speak, was his most intimate college friend, a man of fine ability, and large acquirements, who could have shone anywhere with distinction, but found his only gain in godliness, and preferred the humble work of a missionary, to any walk of distinction. Mr. Cranch was not only deeply touched by the distress of his

friend, but he felt that poor Lenox was the victim in good part, of a state of affairs which he, in his neglect of, and former indifference to the Missionary work of the Church, was responsible. He could not have conceived it possible that his remissness could have brought home to him in so direct and affecting a manner. He then related to Mrs. Cranch the conflict he had been passing through, the circumstances of which the reader is familiar with. He told her that he had resolved on the following Sunday to make to his congregation a full and frank confession of his past sinful neglect, and the sorrow and penitence it had caused him, and to avow the determination which he should steadily adhere to in the future, come what would, to do his whole duty in behalf of missions. Mrs. Cranch attempted to speak but could not. She could only throw her arms about his neck and press her hot cheek wet with tears against that of her husband.

CHAPTER V.

The following Sunday, which was the Sunday after Christmas, was a beautiful winter day. There was a clear sky and a bracing atmosphere, and that peculiar shimmer of the sun, which one observes in winter days that seem to emulate the loveliness of June. The mental trial that Mr. Cranch had undergone, had robbed for him the glorious festival of the Nativity of our Saviour, of much of its spiritual consolations and significance, as well as its worldly good cheer. Of late years, the Church had not been trimmed, and although a Christmas tree for the Sunday School had been talked about, nothing had really been done. It was all but a symptom of the general decay into which the Parish had fallen.

The beauty of the day, added to the usual very acceptable ministrations of Mr. Cranch, who really had many gifts for his high office, drew out a large congregation—larger indeed than had been in the Church building for many a day. As the Rector entered the Chancel it was observed that he looked very pale, but his step was firm, and contrary to his usual custom, he brought in his sermon and some other papers in his hand. The reading of the service presented no marked feature, unless it be that Mr. Cranch appeared more than ordinarily grave and earnest in leading the devotions of the people. Dr. Barnabas was present and as usual had about all the responding to himself. It was observed that as soon as he had announced the hymn, Mr. Cranch kneeled down by the altar and continued his devotions throughout the singing of the hymn, and was still kneeling when the organist had stopped playing. Several persons interchanged whispers of inquiry whether or no he was well. He presently rose however, and without apparent flurry or embarrassment ascended the pulpit.

"He announced as his text, 1 Cor., IV. Chapter, 2d verse: "It is required of stewards that a man be found faithful."

The first part of his sermon was a plain, practical exposition of the duties, office and responsibilities of the minister of Christ Jesus. He dwelt with solemn earnestness on the accountability of the preacher for the souls of those committed to his charge. Who could say as did our blessed Master: "Those that Thou gavest Me I have kept, and and none of them is lost?" He elucidated the fact that the responsibility of the preacher is a personal one. No one can bear it for him. He may listen to counsel and ought to, but he must decide for himself, as he must account for himself on the last great day, when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God and the book be opened. It is a most dreadful thought, that through the neglect, or indifference of the pastor, who is set to watch the souls of his flock, even one be lost. How terrible the wit-

ness of that soul against him on the day of judgement. No soul for whom Christ died can be indifferent to Him, although he may have his special charge and work. He cannot confine his interest in human salvation within parish bounds. He must remember as his Saviour declared, "that the field is the world." In kind, at least, if not in exact degree, every individual member of the Church of Christ has just such a responsibility for the salvation of men as the pastor has.

At this point, the Rector appeared deeply affected, so much so that his voice trembled, and his hands nervously twitched the papers on the desk before him. He proceeded:

"Pardon me, my dear brethren, if I indulge in a few remarks personal to myself. Always painfully conscious of my unworthiness and short-comings, I appear before you to-day in a state of deep humiliation and penitence. As a steward I have not been faithful. I have not been faithful to you, I have not been faithful to myself, I have not been faithful to my blessed Redeemer who died for me. I thank God, that with a severity of conviction that seemed at times, as though it would leave me in despair and a castaway, I have been brought to see my dreadful sin, to repent of it, and to obtain pardon. In the two years that I have been you Rector I have taken up but one collection for missions, and I have not called your attention to the subject as I ought to have done, and enforced upon you your duty as Christian men and women to aid in spreading the Gospel everywhere. My dear Saviour has said, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' I have been disobedient to this command, and my disregard of the cause of missions, has rendered me liable to the horrible suspicion of not caring whether my fellow men outside of the sound of my own voice, had the Gospel preached to them or not. 'Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers into His harvest," said my Divine Master. I have not prayed that prayer in your hearing, or taught you to pray it. 'Feed My Lambs,' exclaimed my Redeemer as he was about to ascend to the Father. I have said by my conduct, the lambs may starve. I think my state has been all the more fearful, that I have until recently not been aroused to a sense of the sin and danger of my conduct. God my Father knows how I have mourned and suffered of late, on account of my great neglect. I have drained the bitterest cup ever pressed to my lips. My dear flock, I have not led you as a true shepherd, but you are not guiltless. All your solicitations, and all your encouragements have confirmed me in the wrong. Your Vestry at its meeting a few weeks ago decided that no missionary contributions can be taken up in this parish the current year, and I approved that action, our apology being that we needed for Church repairs and home work, all the contributions of the Parish. God has sent leanness into our souls for that action, and not one-third enough money for Church repairs can be raised in the Parish. No blessing can descend upon such mistaken selfishness. I must reverse that action of the Vestry. It was really not a right subject for the action of that body. The Canons of the Diocese require a collection for Diocesan Missions to be taken up every month. That is the law of the Church, and I shall obey it hereafter. I shall never fail also, so long as I am with you, to ask you for a collection for Domestic Missions in the Advent season, and for Foreign Missions in the Epiphany season, and I shall call your attention to, furnish you information concerning, and solicit your contributions for all the general work of the Church. I shall place before you your whole duty concerning

missions, and your duty as Christian men and women, aye, and children too, to support them. You may refuse to give at your soul's peril, but I will do my whole duty by you."

At this point Mr. Cranch stopped speaking and began looking over some papers on the desk. The congregation had been so hushed and riveted in attention, that the slightest movement sounded as loud as an ordinary voice. To say the congregation was astonished, in no wise expresses the general emotion. Men exchanged wondering glances, and not a few women were in tears. Precisely such a sermon as that had not been heard in any Church that any one present had ever attended. It was impossible not to be struck with its ingenuousness, its humble contrition, its boldness, its manly truthfulness and earnestness. It was impossible not to feel respect for the sermon and the preacher. It was not only a sermon for missions, but it was a vindication of the reality of the Christian religion.

But Mr. Cranch was not yet through. He resumed: "Some weeks ago I received the Advent appeal of the Domestic Missionary Committee, and ought to have read it to you sooner. Within a few days I have also received the appeal of the Foreign Missionary Committee, and I will now read them both to you, and after reading them and a letter I hold in my hand, a collection will be taken up for Domestic Missions, and Sunday two weeks hence a collection will be taken up for Foreign Missions." He then read the two appeals, which were attentively listened to.

"I now," he said, "ask your attention to a letter received by me a few days ago from a Missionary of the Church in a far Western territory. He was a college mate of mine, an orphan boy, who worked to obtain his education, one of the noblest men and truest Christians I ever knew. You will see from his letter what material our missionaries are composed of, and what shameful and needless suffering our neglect and parsimony impose upon them. He then read the letter our readers have already seen, suppressing, however, the name. Mr. Cranch's voice came near failing several times in the course of the reading, and as he ended the tears were running down his cheeks. There was scarcely a dry eye in the congregation and some of the ladies were sobbing aloud. It was a remarkable scene. In a few minutes Mr. Cranch arose and announced that the collection would be taken up, which was done, a closing prayer said, the benediction pronounced and the congregation dismissed.

CHAPTER VI.

The sermon of Mr. Cranch was not only a subject of universal comment among his own parishioners, but it was a topic of conversation throughout the city. He had not counted on its effect personal to himself. He had attained a state of mind where a full discharge of duty was his sole concern. But the effect of his fearless and honest action was to greatly exalt him in public consideration, and to give him an influence in his immediate parish that left nothing to be desired. The Holy Spirit enforced the lesson of his sermon in the hearts of his people. The next morning early, Mr. Burnett called in to say that the collection Sunday amounted to $150, a sum almost incredible for St. Lazarus Parish. Mr. Burnett to the utter astonishment of the Rector expressed delight with the sermon, said it had come upon him like a special revelation, and handed Mr. Cranch ten dollars for the Montana missionary. He further stated, that on the plate among the contributions of money, were two ladies finger rings, a gold brooch, and a gold bracelet, which had not yet been sold, and which would considerably swell the aggregate contribution. A note from Dr.

Barnabas, enclosed a draft for $200 which he and several friends had contributed to bring the afflicted missionary from Montana, and the Doctor further offered gratuitous medical care at his own home. A paper numerously signed called a parish meeting for Thursday night of the ensuing week, at which almost every member of the parish was present. The remaining sum needed to complete repairs upon the Church was quickly raised, and resolutions of confidence, sympathy and profound regard for Mr. Cranch were unanimously adopted, with a pledge to co-operate with him in any and all forms of Church work he would recommend.

I cannot trace the parish action under its renewed life. The reformation was complete and permanent. No parish in the Diocese showed more missionary zeal, or was more liberal in contributions to every good work. At the Easter Monday election, Dr. Barnabas was restored to the Vestry and made Senior Warden, and his associates of the New Vestry spmpathized with his views. The Church was crowded every Sunday, and in the hearty responses and singing of the entire congregation, the past dull and listless worship was forgotten. This reform was quietly brought about by fifty members of the congregation agreeing secretly to respond aloud, and sing always, and see if the interest of the services could not be improved.

The plan worked admirably. Within a short time, the ladies organized a Society for Church work, and the young men of the Parish also inaugurated a working organization which really founded the long talked of Mission Sunday School, and managed to secure in the Parish, subscribers for thirty copies of the *Spirit of Missions* and a number of other Church publications. The ladies were of great help to the Rector in looking after the poor, and finally inaugurated and conducted a successful Mothers' Meeting. The Parish assumed the support of Paul Arnold at Nashotah in response to an earnest appeal from the Rector. Responding to the increased life everywhere manifest, Mr. Cranch maintained, with the assistance of Mr. Lenox, who was stopping with Dr. Barnabas, and whose health was rapidly improving, daily services during Lent, and for the first time in the history of the Parish, public service was held on the Saint's days. At the next Christmas the Church was trimmed, and the children had their festival.

In the midst of all this marvellous change, which sounds so much like fiction Mr. Cranch may have been assailed by temptations of vanity and arrogance, but if so, he overcame them completely, and developed a meek and humble spiritual life that was most delightful and attractive. He never prayed so earnestly for the Parish as at this time, daily repeating the often forgotten and overlooked petition of the Litany: "In all time of our prosperity, Good Lord deliver us." There were many good people in the Parish who attributed the astonishing change effected in the Parish, to the Rector. He knew better. He knew that Paul might plant, and Apollos water, but God only could give the increase. It was the Lord's doing, and was marvellous in all eyes.

BIG WORDS.

THE REV. J. N. NORTON.

THE reader need not be afraid of being "bored" in this communication, with a rehash of the admirable sayings of Dean Trench, concerning our mother tongue. Our purpose is very humble, and one soon accomplished. It is simply to enter a protest against the constant use of *Big Words* by public speakers, and others, when short and simple ones would be much more expressive, and be understood by everybody.

A worthy clergyman, the other day, in lecturing a class of small colored children, well nigh dumbfounded them with his high-sounding words of three syllables or more. He needed only to have added the old lady's favorite word, "Mesopotamie," to have made his speech complete.

For curiosity, let any one turn over a volume of Daniel Webster's Speeches, and he will be struck with the fact that nearly every word in them will be strong, simple Saxon. While the noted Colonel Crockett was a member of the House of Representatives, he applied to Webster for some of his speeches, to send home to his friends. "When I came on to Washington," said the eccentric backwoodsman, "I thought I should have to study out the speeches of the great men here, and so I got a Walker's Dictionary. I have been reading over your speeches, and there *aint a dictionary word in the whole of 'em, from beginning to end.* There aint a word there but what my constituents can understand; and I want to send them a lot of 'em.

Surely this shrewd observation contains a hint, by which many who are talking "over the heads" of their hearers might profit. We seldom hear the complaint made, that a public speaker has come down from his dignity so far as to employ words which are too simple; but there are hundreds and thousands of children, who, every Sunday begin to wriggle in their seats, or try to find a comfortable corner for a nap, when the text is announced, because past experience has taught them that it will be the prelude to a long and polished essay expressed in sonorous words, conveying little information to their young minds.

THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH IN BOHEMIA AND MORAVIA.

No. 10.

THE REV. JOHN ANKETELL.

THE deputies of the Brethen came to the Conference at Prag with anxious but confident hearts. Their lives were in danger from the violence of their enemies; yet they had many warm friends, who were eager to share their fate. One young man from the neighborhood of Jungbunzlau, would hear of no refusal, but said to Bishop Lukas: "You are nine in number, take me for the tenth; I devote myself to the service of God." An old man, who in former years had been the teacher of Lukas and Laurentius, after he had spoken much with them concerning the Waldenses, (the Brethren at that day were often called *Waldenses*,) gave them his parting blessing and said: "Good brethren, be stedfast even unto death, in the grace which God hath given unto you!"

Just as the contest was about to commence, on New Years Day, 1504, the Brethren were astonished by the tidings of the sudden death of their chief antagonist, the Rector Potschatek. This unexpected event and the clamor of the populace, who demanded that the discussion should be a public one broke up the proposed Conference. Laurentius said smilingly: "All in vain! We cannot even win a martyr's death here!" A nobleman took Bishop Lukas, who was loath to depart, by the hand, and said: "I must lead you out of this city, as Lot was conducted out of Sodom." The Brethren were dressed in plain clothing, and departed from Prag without tumult or injury. About this time (1504) Bishop Lukas laid before the king the Third Confession of the Brethren. In the introduction it declares: "The ground of our Faith is the truth revealed by the Holy Ghost in the Holy Scripture, which is further expounded in the ancient Church Symbols, i. e. Creeds." In this Confession, the Sacraments are specified as *seven in number* The invitation of the magistrates of Prag to renew the discussion at Easter, was declined by Bishop Lukas on the double ground, that attention to Lenten duties would interfere with due preparation on the part of the Brethren, and that the usual spring freshets might prevent their punctual attendance. At the same time the Brethren were admonished by their good Bishop to renewed devotion. Every father of a family was enjoined to assemble his household and friends on Sunday, morning and evening, for prayer. Those, who were competent, were also to read and expound; the others were to sing a hymn. At the same time, the children were to be catechised and instructed. Wherever a congregation could be assembled with safety, in woods or hidden ravines, the Holy Eucharist was to be offered by the priests of the Church.

But the Brethren were far from a state of security. Doctor Augustin Käsebrot of Olmutz, a most embittered foe, addressed two letters against them in which he said: "They are not worthy to be consumed and destroyed in noble flames of fire. Their bodies should be given to wild beasts to be torn and trampled under foot, and their blood licked up by dogs!" But a noble maiden, named Martha v. Bozkowitz, daughter of the former Chancellor v. Schellenberg, who had been a zealous Catholic, took up their defence in a spirited letter in their behalf to the king. He replied to her

with some asperity ; and Doctor Augustin affirmed that, while she called herself a handmaid of Christ, she was really possessed by a devil. The Brethren being again invited to Prag on the Feast of S. John the Baptist, sent their deputies not from the clergy, but from the common people. Their opponents resented this as a deadly insult, and contrived a method of revenge. They persuaded the queen, who was near the period of her accouchment, to demand of her spouse a new edict against the Picards. He replied by a sorrowful nod of assent. The Roman Catholic Bishops who were present, John Bossak of Olmutz and Grosswandein at their head, began at once to prepare the document. The king retired to his closet, fell on his knees, and prayed God with tears that He would take from him the guilt of this blood-thirsty design. The prayer of this weak but humane monarch was answered in a manner, which impressed even the persecutors with awe. The queen had expressed the hope that she might have the great joy of witnessing the execution of some of these Picards. But before the longed for day could arrive, she expired with great agony in the pangs of child-birth, leaving behind her an infant son, who afterward became King Lewis. The king called for a new Conference, and the Brethren prepared their *Fourth Confession*, which bears date A. D. 1508. In this document they reject the Romish doctrine of Purgatory, as a purely human invention without warrant from Holy Scripture. They justify their separation from the communion of the Church of Rome on the ground of the manifold corruptions to be found in her pale ; as testified in the writings of St. Bernard, of Clairvaux, and the Italian poet Petrarch, both members of that Church. This confession received the approval of a synod of the brethren, in which the truth of the *real* (as distinguished from the merely *symbolic*) Presence of Christ in the Holy Supper, was again distinctly affirmed. Soon a severe law was framed by the Diet of Kuttenburg against the Picards. Since they refused to join either party and disturbed the religious peace of the land, they were to be driven out of the country. On the Feast of St. James (1508) in a Diet assembled at Prag, this decision was solemnly confirmed as the law of Bohemia. Bishop John Bossak hastened at once from Prag toward Olnutz, to secure the passage of a similar law in the Moravian Diet. But just as he was passing the convent of Hradisch, near Olnutz, as he was about descending from his carriage his foot slipped, and he fell upon a nail, which tore his abdomen so fearfully that his bowels gushed out. This accident ended his career, and with it the attack upon the brethren in the Moravian Diet. In Bohemia the "Jacob's Mandate" (as the law was called from the date of its passage) was only partially carried into effect. In November, 1509, the year of John Calvin's birth) it was resolved in the Diet that the deputies of the brethren be admitted to a hearing. But the brethren (believing that this was a snare intended to entrap their leaders at Prag) sent as their deputies a large number of mechanics and peasants, with whom the Diet would have nothing to do. Blahaslaus relates that, when the King's Court Fool saw them approaching, he said to the bystanders: "Here come the Picard Priests." Some one replied: "They are not Priests." The jester answered: "At any rate, they are preachers;" and added (aside) "*They not only preach, but practice!*"

At length another Diet, at Kuttenburg, 1510, resolved that the "Jacob's Mandate" should be vigorously enforced. The Chancellor, Albert Kolowrat, was especially urgent that all should unite to exterminate the Picards by force of arms. On his return from the Diet he

paid a visit to Baron Colditz, Lord of Bilin, and related with great joy that all had consented to this alliance. Colditz turned to his servant, Simeon, who belonged to the *Unitas*, and asked him what he thought of the news. He replied: "*All* have not consented to the alliance." The Chancellor, thinking he was about to discover a conspiracy, demanded to know who dared resist the Estates of the Realm—adding that, whoever they might be, they were traitors who would share the punishment of the Picards. The servant, lifting his hand with great solemnity, replied, "In Heaven there is One who is not a party to your counsels; so your labor is all in vain." "You and the rest of your crew shall find out the truth of that, rascal," cried the Chancellor in a great rage, and started at once for his home in Kupka. But on the way he was seized with a violent inflammation of the foot, which yielded to no medical skill, and ended in his speedy death. About the same time Doctor Augustin, of Olmutz, died suddenly as he sat at the dinner table. A curious fate befell another prominent foe of the brethren, Lord Puta, of Swichow. A terrible hurricane swept over his castle; he ran in great terror to the cellar, and locked himself in. When the storm was over his servants knocked on the cellar door, but there was no response. They procured another set of keys and opened the door. Four men entered the vault, but soon returned and sent for a coffin. Into this coffin they laid their master and then sealed it up. No other mortal ever ascertained what fate had befallen him in the cellar.

Heinrich von Niehaus, another nobleman who was bitterly hostile to the brethren, fell one day on his hunting spear, which pierced him through and through, and he died in unspeakable agony. So numerous were these strange events that a proverb became current in Bohemia at that day: "*If you are tired of life, the best way to get rid of it is to fight the Picards!*" In 1511 a burgher of Kuttenburg, named Andreas Poliwka, was burned at the stake for a fanatical assault upon a Calixtine Priest, who held up the Consecrated Elements for Eucharistic adoration. The same year (1511) Bishop Lukes caused the Confession of 1508 to be printed in Latin at Nurnburg and sent it to the learned Erasmus, of Rotterdam, hoping that it might receive his approval. The messengers, Claudianus and Wotik, visited Erasmus at Antwerp and presented to him the brethren's Confession. The cautious scholar read it and replied that he was so overwhelmed with business that he could hardly find time to breathe; in a hasty glance at their doctrines he had not discovered any error; but a public testimonial in their behalf would be dangerous to him and profitless to them. The brethren returned very much disappointed. But not long after, when a learned Bohemian, named Slechta, was reviling the Picards in the presence of Erasmus, he replied: "The brethren choose their Priests from among the common people; that agrees with the custom of the Early Church. They are unlearned—well, that may pass, if their pious life supplies the lack of learning. They call themselves 'Brothers' and 'Sisters'—I see nothing blameworthy in that. Would that such proofs of brotherly love were more common among Christians! They esteem Church Doctors of less account than the Divine Scriptures; *i. e.*, God more than men—that is right. They have great delight in the use of the Pater Noster—it is a part of the worship of our Mass. As to the Feast days, their views quite agree with the era of St. Jerome. At the present day the number of festivals has become infinite; on no other days is blasphemy so rife among the multitude; and, what is worst of all, through enforced idleness men are hindered from earning bread for

their families, etc., etc." In the year 1515 Bishop Lukas was seized by a nobleman, named Suda, and cast into prison at Janowitz, where his sufferings were increased by a violent attack of stone in the bladder. The conversations between Lord Suda and his afflicted prisoner produced some impression on the former. At length he released the Bishop, on his assurance that he would appear in Prag, whenever summoned to that city. From his prison he addressed a pious letter to all congregations of the *Unitas*, admonishing them to stand firm, whatever danger or persecution might befall them. This brings their history down to the era (1517) of the commencement of the Protestant Reformation.

DOWN THE RED SEA.

THE REV. THOMAS C. PITKIN, D. D.

Mr. Editor:

I intend giving to your readers, under the title of "Homes of the Buddha," an account of various Temples I visited in Ceylon and China and Japan. But as I am not quite ready to begin my task, and you are anxious for "copy," I send you the following imperfect sketch, which, though prepared for another journal, (but never offered for publication) may not be wholly out of place in the CHURCH REGISTER. It will at least give variety to its pages. It is a little bit of what proved to be a long and weary, but most interesting journey through the East.

FROM Cairo to Suez is an unbroken desert of light, drifting sand, but, as this is part of the route from England to her great Eastern possessions, British enterprise, as is well known, has constructed, in defiance of all obstacles, a railway from Alexandria to Suez, meeting at the latter place her vast ocean steamers that are bound to Calcutta, to Bombay, or to the Mauritius.

"The world moves"—of which fact we were forcibly reminded as we passed in first-class English carriages on a smooth rail over the very route traveled in a somewhat different manner by the Israelites in their escape from Pharaoh; but when the traveler sees from time to time the caravans slowly creeping over the desert, just as they did thousands of years ago, he is obliged to admit that it is only a part of the world that makes actual progress. The whole great East is stationary. It is the repose of the East that constitutes its charm to us who are brought up amid constant changes, but Western enterprise, without which, indeed, we never should be brought in contact with the East, continually shocks us by its officiousness, dispelling many a fond illusion, and causing incongruities which are trying to all persons of a romantic temperament.

In Alexandria, for instance, which may, perhaps, be considered as the border of the East, and where the traveler's mind is full, as he approaches it, of the great founder of the Western Empire, and of the Ptolemys, and of Cleopatra passing over the waters of its beautiful harbor in her galley with its silken sails, it is something of a shock to be met, on landing, by an omnibus with driver and horses that remind one of Fleet Street, and the Strand, in London, from which place all have been imported into Egypt. But as he passes, with a feeling of vexation, in this lumbering conveyance of the Nineteenth Century, through the narrow, winding streets, his equanimity is partially restored as, on looking up to see why the omnibus has slackened its slow pace, he encounters the mild, patient eyes of a camel, looking down up on him, and finds that there is a long

string of them, bearing their burdens, spicery, perhaps, or balm, or myrrh, just as they did in Egypt for centuries before the first street in Alexandria was built.

The railway from Cairo to Suez is literally a "chemire de fer." There is not one piece of wood about it. A difficulty to be overcome in its construction was the light, drifting sands, which, under the action of the winds of the desert, would soon cover the rail and render the road impassable. This has been met in a very simple manner, by dispensing entirely with a fixed foundation of sleepers and cross-ties, the rail being laid in such a manner that the whole structure can be raised above the level of the sand that may accumulate about it. If the reader will imagine hollow globes of iron like shells, about two feet in diameter, to be sawed in two and placed with the convex surface upwards at short distances, upon the sand, or if he will think of inverted iron saucers of the same diameter, with the rail firmly secured to them and connected with an iron rod to prevent the spreading of the rails, he will master the whole secret of a railway in the desert.

Whenever, in any portion of the road, it may be necessary to lift the rails above the sands, the whole structure, or the rail, together with its supports, is lifted up, and the sand falling off from the smooth, round surfaces of the latter, forms a new bed upon which the road rests as securely as before.

This road, which connects Europe with the Eastern world, and gives a name to that evident misnomer, "The Overland Route to India,"—the only part of the said route that is not water being the little strip of land that forms the Isthmus of Suez—is also found to be convenient for the numerous Mahommedan pilgrims to the Shrine of Mecca. Here was was another romance of life destroyed by foreign interference. As we entered the port of Alexandria, a British steamer was passing out, which was literally swarming with Mahommedans. This steamer was one of a line that finds constant employment and no little profit in carrying pilgrims between Alexandria and other northern ports of Africa. These pilgrims passing over the road across the Isthmus are met by British steamers that carry them between the port of Mecca and Suez. They are thus enabled to perform their pilgrimage with but little labor and fatigue, and with great pecuniary advantage to their enlightened carriers. But how are the fond illusions of our youth destroyed by the sight of Mahommedan pilgrims on the way to Mecca by steamboat and railway, and of Christian travelers, English mothers busy with their children, looking out carelessly at intervals, with a vacant gaze, as they are whirled rapidly along in luxuriously furnished carriages upon the scenery which met the eyes of the Bondmen of Egypt as they slowly made their way to the Red Sea three thousand years ago.

Nothing can well exceed the dreary barrenness of the whole route from Grand Cairo to Suez, but the dangers to be apprehended, from the sand and from the heat, and from the reflection of the sun's rays, as set forth in the British guide books, exist chiefly in the imagination of the writers, and seem to be enlarged upon for the sake of sundry outfitters in London, whose advertisements in the said books serve to show that it is not true that "man wants but little here below"—that British man, at least, wants a great deal when he gets beyond the snug comforts of his home. If any one would know how far the ingenuity of civilized man can go in meeting all possible and impossible accidents attending travel in strange and semi-barbarous countries, I would advise him to study the advertisements of a London East India and China outfitter. From a somewhat extended experience and observa-

tion I am disposed to think that no man is more thoroughly lumbered up and unfitted for locomotion than one who has incautiously given carte blanche to one of the said craft.

It is perhaps fortunate that the few dwellers in the desert are not travelers. "What can induce these people," said an English friend as we reached a mean hovel dignified by the name of caravanserai, "to live in such a barren spot?" "Because," I answered, "they know of nothing better; their whole connection with the world beyond the desert is through the caravans and these trains of yours; and perhaps that woman yonder is telling those wretched children whom you see around her, as she points to us in pity, how thankful they should be that they have a home that they are not obliged to leave like these poor Englishmen that pass in such numbers every fortnight."

The approach to the Red Sea is dreary in the extreme, and Suez is a place that bears marks of little besides poverty; but no one can stand upon that sandy shore of Suez, the ancient Hero-opolite gulf, the "tongue of the Egyptian Sea," without feeling the associations of the place, which is connected with some of the most critical events in the moral and religious history of the world. Itself the object of a prophecy, the narrow gulf was, besides, the scene of that Divine Mosaic wonder by which a crowd of fugitives passing at once from slavery into freedom, were, at this place, born again, becoming from thenceforth a nation that, humanly speaking, gave to Christendom both the moral law and the Redeemer of the world. The passage of the Red Sea, besides its historical importance, has been the figure to the Christian of his own birth of water and the Holy Ghost, in accordance with the Apostolic teachings that the Exodus from Egypt and the journey through the desert, and the entrance into Canaan symbolize the Christian life. Across the water, on the level lands, the Hebrews sang songs of victory over the dead bodies of Egyptians strewing the shore, and there Miriam, the prophetess, went forth followed by the Hebrew women with cymbals and dances, and joined in the chorus, "Sing to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

At the lower end of the gulf, its waters on the western side wash the rocky shores of the Peninsula of Sinai, a place which will be memorable while the world shall stand, for that code of laws which, while it is the basis of morality between man and man, declares, besides, the duties which man owes to God. The Eastern or Egyptian shore has also historic interest. Here were some of the earliest monasteries of the Eastern Church, and on this desert coast of Egypt, among its secluded, barren mountains lived, how early none can tell, Christian hermits. Some of the monasteries are still famous if not flourishing, and from the monks of St. Anthony is at this day chosen the Patriarch of the Coptic Church.

As the overland traveler is gazing upon these scenes which remind him of the past, or is refreshing himself in the comfortable English inn that stands at the water's edge, or is gazing curiously at the camels grouped together in the court, having bottles of water hanging from their sides, each bottle being formed of a single sheepskin, and showing something of the shape of the animal it covered; the Egyptian servants are transporting in long lines, under a careful surveilance, the many boxes of letters and specie and the immense quantities of baggage from the railway station to the tender lying at the quay which is to convey baggage, mails and passengers to the steamer anchored in the distance. Spite of the strict eyes that rest upon them and prevent all heavy depreda-

tions, woe betide the traveler who has left anything about his luggage loose. The temptation of a leathern strap is beyond the power of an Egyptian to resist, and if external fastenings are to pass Suez in safety, they must be themselves securely fastened to the box or package they surround.

In the ocean steamers gathered at Suez is represented an amount of tonnage equal, perhaps, to that of the Red Sea when it was the highway of nations; and neither Arsinoe, that once occupied its site, nor Cleopatris, built in its neighborhood, both cities of transit, saw, we may believe, the amount of silver and of valuable products that now pass through without enriching this poor sea port town. The raw silk of India, China and Japan feeds the looms of France and southern Europe, which in turn supply both Europe and America with costly fabrics. Nearly all this silk comes by the way of the Red Sea, and in return for this and for the tea which passes round the Cape, there is a constant flow of specie in the shape of Mexican dollars down the Red Sea to enrich the Eastern world. In this way, among the curious changes which time brings about, is revived the ancient commerce of the Erythrian Sea and the Arabian Gulf.

Fourteen hundred years before the Christian Era, the great Ramses, known as Sesostris, the Egyptian Alexander, who indulged in a dream of universa conquest, put upon the Red Sea a fleet of four hundred sail. Three hundred years afterward, at Ezionzeber, was built for King Solomon, by Phœnician workmen, a navy that sailed to the land of Ophir. Hiram, of Tyre, sent, to man these vessels, "Ship-men that had knowledge of the sea, with the servants of Solomon." For centuries the Red Sea formed the great link of connection with the East as far as the East was known. The trade of Egypt with the Indian Ocean was valuable, and the ancient commerce of the Red Sea was unquestionably great. It was this that helped to build up Alexandria and made the commerce of Egypt the most important of the old world. The extent of it in the time of Strabo may be judged by his statement of one hundred and twenty ships sailing in convoy from the port of Myos Hosmos.

The doubling of the Cape, leading to the discovery of the Farther Indies, together with the hopeless decay of Egypt under Mahommedan rule, destroyed the commerce of the Red Sea, and for many years the wealth of India flowed into Europe through another channel; but the necessity of a shorter route to the East than by way of the Cape of Good Hope arising from the growing importance of the Eastern commerce, led, through the facilities which steam affords, to what is called the Overland Route; and now that the ship canal at Suez has proved, in spite of English predictions of failure, a success, we see ships that were laden six or eight weeks previously in the Hoogly or the Yang-tse-kiang, depositing their cargoes, brought by the way of the Red and Mediterranean Seas, in London docks. In such a case it would only be a revival of a trade that enriched Alexandria by way of the canal of Ptolemy. This canal from Arsinoe, now Suez, to the Nile, was for a long period the very life of the navigation of the Red Sea and the connecting link between Egypt and the East.

But the tender is now ready and the black steameer Nubia, lying at a little distance, like a huge monster, is sending up clouds of smoke. She is bound for Calcutta, and in three weeks time will be steaming up the Hoogly. The day is insufferably hot, and, crowded in our narrow quarters, we are looking eagerly to the broad decks of the ship that is to be our temporary home; but alas! for the

impatient ones, our little steamer is making a wide circuit and is soon leaving the Nubia far behind her.

The theological student who has Robinson's Calmet will see, in connection with the article entitled "Exodus," a "Plan of the Extremity of the Rea Sea, near Snez, illustrating the passage of the Israelites." It was with peculiar feelings on my part that it suddenly occurred to me that we must be passing round the very bar of sand, almost crossing the head of the gulf, which, the writer snpposes, might easily be laid bare by a strong east wind, and allow a passage on dry land. It is certain that the water was so shallow on this bar that our light draft tender was obliged to make a circuit of a number of miles and nearly cross the gulf to pass round its head. But there are many difficulties attending this explanation of an event which is evidently intended to be received as a miracle: and where the whole history bears unquestionable marks of the supernatural there is nothing gained in diminishing in any particular case the amount of Divine interposition.

When we reach the Nubia all is in confusion. The donkey engine on the deck, which has already stowed away the silver, is now hard at work lowering into the hold the immense mails. The letters are packed in tin cases, carefully soldered, and the newspapers in jointed wooden boxes. After disposing of the luggage the little donkey will be ready to make itself generally useful, to raise the sails, to draw water for the decks, and to spare the strength of the Lascars and Sepoys that crowd the ship.

We now get our first glimpses of the real East. With the exception of the officers and stewards, who are Englishmen, and the firemen, who are generally Africans, blacker than the coal they handle, the crew is composed of East Indians from Calcutta. It is at first quite strange to hear an English officer giving orders in Hindostanee to a crowd of Lascars, or to see the latter, far up in the shrouds, understanding and obeying the boatswain's whistle as he pipes them to their various tasks, just as if they were staunch English tars, working a ship up St. George's Channel. As we reach the hatchway leading into the main saloon, we find its sides ornamented with rows and curiously wrought figures formed of muskets, pistols and naked sabres, which are designed for use as well as show, and which at all times exert a wholesome moral influence upon the crew. Entering the saloon the first things that attract attention are the punkahs. These are fans suspended from the ceiling, and extending in two rows the whole length of the saloon, directly over the two rows of tables, and kept in constant motion. Next, the eye rests upon the little Punkah Walla's Indian boys, dressed in white tunics, with red sashes and turbans. They are sitting on the floor, at intervals giving weak and lazy pulls at a string, and communicating to the punkah a waving and uncertain motion, suggesting always the idea that it is just going to stop. A sad life of it these little fellows lead; their heads droop and their arms hang down, as they are almost overcome with sleep and fatigue, and the punkah, apparently as tired and sleepy as they are, seems just ready to drop off into a comfortable doze, when a sharp word of reproof sets it agoing with a jerk, and the little frightened boys begin again their weary task. Throughout the day, so long as one person remains sitting at a table, the punkah must be kept in motion, and it was curious and sometimes almost touching to see the beseeching eyes of the boys as they watched the last group lingering at the table. I have more than once proposed a walk on deck for no other pnrpose than to see the sparkle of delight in the Punkah Wallah's eyes as we gave him liberty to rest his weary arms.

I am very certain that a Yankee captain, if for no other reason than to clear the floors of his saloon and save his passengers the vexation of continually stumbling over Punkah Wallas, would soon have a machine that would keep his fans in motion.

The passengers gathered on the deck are of a miscellaneous character. They are mostly Englishmen on their way to different portions of the great East; a large number are military and civil officers, many of them with their families, bound to India, with a sprinkling of boys from the East India service schools, who, having passed the Government examination, are going out to take their places as clerks, with good salaries, in the provincial courts, from whence they will rise in a few years to the bench, to dispense such justice as is found convenient or will pass current in the remoter districts of India. Alas for these bright, fresh English lads; a few years of the India climate will convert them into yellow, billious men, who may, perhaps, return home after long service with a broken constitution and a pension. They are running about the decks, playing with each other while they can, yet almost always with a Hindostanee grammar or dictionary in their hands. Poor fellows! what "trials" are before them! But distance and Hindostanee will cover their mistakes.

Here is a group of men bound for Australia. They will find a steamer waiting at Point de Galle, in Ceylon, to carry them to Melbourne. Here is a Dutch gentleman returning with his large family to Batavia. His wife and children were born in Java, and he has taken them from their beautiful home in the East to see the dykes and marshes of his Fatherland, and to show to his relatives what the poor boy who left home has made of himself by his great coffee speculations. Here is a dealer in mahogany going back to Borneo. He knows the Rajah Brook, and has many interesting anecdotes to tell of his romantic history. The P. & O. will be on hand with a steamer at Singapore, to forward passengers to Java and Borneo. Here are two or three of the great China merchants, the real princes of the East, between whom and the East India Government officials a hereditary feud exists, the latter affecting to look down on commerce, which, however, they are sent out expressly to protect, while each one of the former knows that he could purchase the commissions of the whole lot of "India beggars," as he contemptuously calls them, by one year's income, and not feel the loss.

I must not forget in this connection, my friend Capt. T., whose acquaintance I made in Paris, and who was my fellow traveler across France. He was making his third voyage to Ceylon, after having twice visited America, and, as an old traveler, looking upon me as a kind of novice, though I was not wholly inexperienced, he had taken me under his kind protection. Our knowledge of French was about the same, and together we were equal to all ordinary emergencies. He belonged to her Majesty's corps of Topographical Engineers, and had assisted in running the Maine boundary. A kinder hearted or more amiable man, is not often met with. To all countries in the world, he preferred Ceylon.

Nor must I fail to mention Mr. D—— formerly, and for many years governor of the upper province of Ceylon, who, after forty years spent in the East, had realized his long life dream of returning home to end his days, but who, soon tiring of England, its climate and its people, and its democratic tone of polities, was on his way back to the scenes and the people, and the institutions with which he was familiar.

A quiet unassuming man, he yet had the air of one who had been long used

to the possession and the exercise of power. Mr. D——bore strong testimony to the benefit conferred upon Ceylon by the American Missions in the North, though it was clear that he could not understand why Americans should desire to improve the condition of a people who were entirely under British rule.

A number of our fellow passengers on the Mediterranean, with whom we spent some pleasant hours at Malta, and who will be long associated with certain interesting scenes in Alexandria, are now on board the steamer———, anchored at a short distance from us, that is bound for the Mauritius. Success to to them and to their voyage. May they find as good quarters as the Nubia affords.

A pleasant discovery has just been made, viz: that the Nubia has ice on board. This is a costly luxury on the Red Sea, yet nowhere more necessary, which, however, involves the fantastic necessity of purchasing all soda water that is drunk. The P and O steamers which provide wine and liquors in the utmost profusion without cost, with curious parsimony, charge sixpence per bottle for soda water, *when there is ice on board.* Soda water is in fact, the only thing that can be bought on board these steamers, and this is always free *when there is no ice.* What the connection is between ice and Soda Water, does not readily appear, but as there is often need of soda water where liquors are abundant and free, and not of the best quality, it is well for the Oriental traveler, who may think that his passage money covers every possible expense, to know that sometimes there is ice on board the steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Navigation Company.

As the anchor is being raised, it is clear from the bustle on board our consort, that they are straining every nerve to be ready for a start with us, and, at the same moment that we feel ourselves fairly under way, she is in motion also. For a short time we are almost side by side, but the superiority of the Nubia soon shows itself, and it is not long before the black hulk of the rival is like a small dark spot on the horizon.

A double roof of canvas which is always carried down the side on which the sun is shining, gives to the deck the appearance of a closed room; and as most persons who undertake the long voyage to India or China, provide themselves with comfortable chairs, the various groups of women, nurses and children, give a cosy and home-like appearance to the scene.

The two or three Americans, feel themselves a little out of place in a company that is almost entirely English, and their temper is sometimes sorely tried by the discussions that arise on American affairs. There are plenty of opportunities for them to show their pluck and readiness in answering, but they soon learn how idle is the effort to set those right who are perversely wrong, and grow weary and discouraged at the amount of ignorance and prejudice they must encounter. Emerson has said that every Englishman has a stopcock in his mind and can always stop off thinking at any point he chooses.

Nothing but some such mental contrivance will explain the phenomena which every American has often winessed who has been England during our late war. While the whole nation was openly advocating the South, they declared in tones of injured innocence, and with looks of surprise that were too real to be feigned, that they could not understand the bitterness of feeling against England shown by the papers of the North. "Would you like to know the cause?" said I to one who had just addressed to me the words just quoted. "Yes, I should indeed," he answered, "for really I do not understand it."

"Then I will tell you. When we were weak colonies, England for her own gain, forced slavery upon us against our will. Afterwards for a long period, she reproached us for having slaves, and now that we are engaged in a contest of which slavery is the direct occasion, her whole sympathy is with the slave powers, thereby showing"—but as I looked up at him, it was easy to see in the expression of his countenance, that the stopcock had been turned for some time, and it was useless to prolong the discussion. I soon learned to avoid a subject which could only excite irritation without removing any prejudice, and in time acquired no little skill in parrying thrusts which were intended to provoke a contest.

The ignorance respecting America, even in well educated circles, is almost beyond belief. My friend Capt. T——, who had been twice to Canada, and had traveled in the United States, was perhaps the best informed Englishman on American affairs on board the ship; yet an incident occurred at our first acquaintance that was not a little discouraging. As we were leaving Marseilles for Alexandria in the good ship Massilia, a meagre notice of the battle at Springfield, Missouri, and of the death of Gen. Lyon, was sold by the newsboys as the news from America. The papers were eagerly purchased, and as we steamed out of the harbor, various groups were to be seen on deck reading and talking the news. Capt. T——, from his personal knowledge of the United States and from his professional skill as topographical engineer, was naturally a kind of oracle on board the ship and soon became the centre and principal figure of a group of officers who were discussing the battle of Springfield on military principles. After leaving them, he came to where I was sitting at a little distance, his face glowing with excitement as if he had just come from the battle field, and said, "have you heard the news?" I had by this time learned something of the art of self-defence, and merely answered that I had read the paper. "A very important battle," he added. "Very," I answered in the same careless air as if I was thinking of something else. "I remember Springfield," he said, there was a slight waver in his tone, as though, quite certain he was right, he would yet like to make assurance doubly sure. At this I turned and met his honest, good natured blue eye, a little curiosity perhaps lurking in my own. "I remember Sprinfield very well, I think I had the best dinner there that I ate in your country. It is in the route between Albany and Boston." I am very proud to remember my perfect self-command. I looked into his face as innocently as he looked into mine. He was not much more than a thousand miles out of the way; and what is one blunder more or less where their name is legion; so I left him in his happy ignorance to carry to Ceylon his topographical knowledge of our civil war.

THE WORK OF CHRISTIAN WOMEN IN THE CHURCH.

THE BISHOP OF NEW YORK.

IN every parish in the land—in all our thousand charities—the loving zeal that quickens every effort, that sustains the spirit of the pastor, and carries the struggling, working church through many a hard trial, is the zeal, the brave, tender, patient, unswerving zeal of Christian women. Without their loving devotion everything would languish. In hundreds of instances, if we inquire into the history of the first movements of thought and feeling toward the commencement of services in a place—toward the formation of a new parish, and the building of a church—toward the creation of something out of nothing—we shall find that everything may be traced back—all the subsequent blessed and glorious services of that parish—to the burning words, the inextinguishable zeal and faith of two or three Christian women. More than one church I myself have seen planted and raised up to vigorous life, which, so far as human eyes could see, owed ite existence, under God, entirely to the prayers and the persuasive words of one such loving heart. That Christian Bishop must be wanting in sensibility, he must be strangely inattentive to the gracious influences which are the *spring and life* of a large part of all that is best in the good going on around him, if he does not daily offer up fervent thanks for the loving zeal and devotion of earnest Christian women.

But all these good works, to which I now refer,—which are so familiar and so grateful to all our hearts, are the works of Christian women in their separate individual capacity, subject generally to many domestic claims, as wives, mothers, daughters, participating in the manifold duties and engagements of social life. And it enhances our sense of obligation for their many and great services that those services are rendered in the midst of so many weighty domestic cares, in spite of the incessant and importunate demands which the family and society make upon them. We would not supersede one of their gracious offices. We would not take from them in the smallest part or measure the blessed privilege so dear to them, so important to us, of working for Christ in His Church. We cannot find any substitute for their precious, all pervading ministry. We could not afford to dispense with their services in the varied forms in which they now render them, even if it were possible for them to cease from Christian work, which, blessed be God, it is not.

Let all this grateful recognition of the inestimable work done at present in our Communion by Christian women be rendered everywhere and at all times in the fullest and heartiest manner, especially by the Bishops and Clergy of the Church. And let there be added a grateful acknowledgment of the services of a great multitude of Christian women, who, being providentially exempt from domestic cares do really give up the whole of their lives, so far as they can in their lonely, insulated condition, to works of Piety and Charity, out of pure love to Christ. The good Lord bless them! God most merciful make His face to shine upon them, and be gracious unto them! Be unto them Father and Mother and Husband and Brother, lighten the darkness of their way, and make their days bright with the joy of His love. and make the Church forever grateful for their devotions.

But my dear brethren, all this being

presupposed, there yet remains work to be done in the Church by Christian women, none of which can be done efficiently,—much of which cannot be done at all,—either by persons who are restricted in their services by family ties and duties, or by persons who can only act as separate, unsupported individuals. The work done by such persons, however important, must in the nature of things be for the most part casual, fitful, occasional. It must be work capable of being done by an *individual* or by a temporary *aggregation* of individuals. There is a vast amount of work to be done by Christian women, which if it can be done at all, can be done in no way so effectually, or to so great an extent, as by a permanent organized association of self-devoted Christian women, who, being providentially exempt from domestic ties or paramount claims of relationship, have given themselves in absolute self-consecration to Christ for works in and through Him of piety and charity in His Church.

And there are thousands of lonely Christian women, all over the land, many of them, as we have said, doing much good, even in their present insulated estate, but who are comparatively helpless, comparatively useless, comparatively comfortless, because there is no one to give them continuous ennobling work to do, because they are living, half without an object except to prepare for a better world; because their weary existence is linked in with no congenial society capable of supporting their weakness, of meeting their craving for sympathy, of surrounding them and buoying them up, and keeping them steady to one sacred employment, to one lofty aim; because they lack that ineffable peace, that inward joy, that divine content, which come from the consciousness of entire consecration to Christ, to serve Him not merely in the blessed service which others may and ought to render amid the manifold duties and distractions of ordinary life, but to serve Him more directly and exclusively in a service especially a part of His own great work of mercy.

Take these lonely Christian women out of their insulated condition, incorporate them into a congenial society—into a Sisterhood (where they are fitted for it, and have a heart for so holy and peculiar a calling)—provide them with a government which shall secure order and harmony without being oppressive,—present to their spirit of self-sacrifice, and their loving devotion, *an unfailing object*—little children, the sick, the poor, the fallen, the ignorant—an unfailing object in which they may seem to see their dear Lord, and hear Him saying, day by day, "Forasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these, ye do it unto Me;" and, finally, encourage and strengthen them as they need and deserve to be encouraged and strengthened, with the countenance and benediction of the Church, and what do you do? O you create an inconceivable amount of human happiness in so many vacant lives, causing the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose, filling the days and nights with Christ-like employment and hearts with a serene peace and joy in the Holy Ghost! You give to the poor, forlorn child a gentle, loving teacher, who is not a mere common instructor, but a revealer of Christ to the infant spirit; you place at the bedside of the sick, or in the midst of the fallen, or in the abodes of poverty and sorrow, or in the rough places of sin and misery, in our crowded city, lanes and garrets, a *ministering angel*, whose very presence sheds around a sweet and heavenly influence; whospeaks and does everything well and fitly, because her whole heart is in it—because she has made that work for Christ a special study, and has been carefully trained and taught its most subtle and delicate

mysteries—because she comes forth to each work and labor of love from an elevated region of serene, loving devotion, her face and her spirit beaming as if from near communion with her Lord in the Mount.

We all know something of the power which is gained by the intimate association of vast numbers in supreme devotion to one great object. We can all form some conception of the way in which the feeble, unsteady life of the individual is exalted, is strengthened, is kindled into enthusiasm, is fixed in its devotion to one high aim, by being absorbed into the corporate life of the many. When that corporate life is in a high and peculiar sense a religious life, gaining time and power for devotion, for communion with heaven, by separation from secular occupations and worldly distractions, ever realizing the presence of Christ in meditation, and in the doing of His special work, we can form some idea, but we cannot easily form an adequate idea, of the spirit of sanctity and devotion which will come to prevail in such a society, among hearts so knit together in holy love and self-consecration; how each soul will be quickened into newness of life; and how, cheered by sympathy, and animated by a common purpose, it will press on in the daily work with unflagging zeal and with redoubled energy. How the strong will support the weak; how the halting and unsteady by nature will be up-borne and guided, and carried forward by the common movement, and by the counsels of ruling spirits.

And then apart from the spiritual blessings and the real present happiness provided for so many persons, and apart from the vast amount of work which the Church needs to have done, in the most religious spirit, and by the most economical agency, that it may be done in the largest measure, it must be an infinite blessing to the Church to have everywhere present within her borders an image of unworldliness, of elevated sanctity and devotions—a distinctive peculiar class of religious persons whom it is impossible to meet or to hear of without being reminded that there is such a thing as religious separation from the world, except as holy women *live in it for the one purpose* of ministering to their Lord in the persons of His redeemed ones;—that there is in the midst of us a goodly company, a part of our own Communion, our own dear sisters in the Lord, who make it the whole business of their lives to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable unto God by Jesus Christ, to intercede for themselves, for us, and for the world and to give themselves wholly to Christ for the doing of His special work on earth. I say the *presence* of such a class in the midst of us, kneeling at our own altars, appearing as *angel visitors* in every scene of sorrow, in every place where good is to be done, visibly separated from the common things of the world, wholly given to devotion and special works of love in Christ Jesus, must win for us more and more the gracious presence of our dear Lord, must draw down upon us more abundantly the sevenfold gifts of God the Holy Ghost, while the visible outward presence must, unless our bosoms are steeled to such sights, touch and move our hearts and lift them up to higher things.

Quite sure I am that no one will for a moment suppose that I am undervaluing or casting any slight upon that Christian holiness which is everywhere seen amid the innocent refreshments of life, or struggling with hard duties and bitter trials in the midst of the secularities of the world. Nothing could be more contrary to all my convictions, and to my habitual thoughts, than any such idea. Look at the serene, thoughtful Christian mother, who is sweetly reigning over a large, prosperous family, courteous to all the world, but day by day diligently

filling the minds of her children with noble sentiments, and tenderly training them in the good and the right way. Or mark the steadfast course of the man of Christian principle, who, burdened with professional or commercial responsibilities, has to hold his way day by day amid high passions and sharp competitions in the thronged places of the world. Or again, what is most touching and most persuasive of all, go into the sad dwelling-places of deepest poverty and suffering, and see what is often to be seen in such places, not only the sweet patience and resignation and contentment, but the bright, unaffected thankfulness and the fervent devotion of a Christian soul, finding in suffering its pathway to glory. O, to think of these and other forms of Christian holiness, as they are found in the world, with anything like a willingness to disparage them, is simply impossible. And indeed to compare Christian holiness, as it may appear in various situations in ordinary life, with Christian holiness as it may be attained in religious associations, such as Sisterhoods, seems to me to be a thing as unreasonable as it is invidious. Two gems may be of different forms or color, and yet of equal value, each in its appropriate place. Let there be no jealousy between them.

Or again, if I have spoken strongly of the unity, the peace, the elevated sanctity and devotion existing in an association where all hearts are knit together in love and self-consecration to the same holy object, I trust no one will for a moment imagine, that I conceive of a sisterhood as a society from which all human imperfections are excluded, or in which all human weaknesses will find so gracious and effectual a remedy that they will be wholly cured, quite lost in the all-pervading spirit of devotion. No, indeed! I have no such thoughts. There will no doubt be some weaknesses and errors in sisterhoods as in all other human societies. But in proportion as they are removed beyond the reach of many of the trials and distractions that are in the world, and are brought into closer and more undivided communion with things chastening and elevating, I think we may in reason hope,—I think some of us have been privileged to see that there may come to prevail in such a society a wonderfully sweet and cheerful spirit—so modest, so loving, so humble, so loyal, so devoted to any and every duty, that self-will, and passion, and *error*, as it may appear in an unguided individual, can find comparatively little place.

And to the *form and organization* which these permanent associations of Christian women for work in the Church shall assume, I shall have little to say in this place. In what degree the conditions of admission, the internal rule, the type of religious life adopted, the garb assumed, and the principles of subordination and obedience embraced, shall have the effect of making them a distinct and peculiar community, far removed from the ordinary habits and temper of the world, is a question for those persons to consider and decide who have to create and superintend such organizations. Something must be conceded to the views and feelings of those who are most likely to become members of such a community, and something also to those who will have to assume the chief responsibility of forming, sustaining and directing them. They may differ much in many subordinate particulars; but if they agree in the one great principle of entire consecration to works of piety and charity for Christ's sake, they will all command my sympathy and support. That I have a somewhat definite opinion as to what kind of association of Christian women for the work of Christ,—what form of sisterhood will be likely to have the greatest power of cohesion,—the greatest power to continue, extend,

and transmit its corporate life—to be most secure of order and harmony—most free from the disturbing influence of individual eccentricity,—most apt to reflect the serene self-sacrifice of Christ,—most prone to be animated with that high enthusiasm which exalts the moral forces and makes all burdens light—and I will add most likely in time to draw to themselves in large numbers earnest, loving and congenial co-workers;—I say, that I have formed an opinion on these points, I will not deny. But I have no narrow views to further. What I do greatly wish to promote is the revival and growth of an instrumentality which I believe to be of incalculable importance to the well-being of this branch of the Church, and to the furthering of the work of our Divine Master on the earth. But as I could never have the wish to bring all the parishes of the Diocese, even if it were possible, to precisely that standard, as to services and as to their internal work, which might happen to be most in accordance with my own individual preferences, so can I have no desire to see every association of Christian women, every sisterhood organized on precisely the same principles in all respects, or with precisely the same external and internal features. It is enough for me, and I believe also for every earnest friend of organized women's work, if they reflect the true principles of the Gospel, and are constituted in a manner to afford good hope of an *harmonious and efficient corporate life*, a corporate life capable of enduring the vicissitudes of times and seasons, and of spreading itself out through extensive ramifications.

Accordingly I long ago gave my warm commendation to the Sisterhood then associated with the Church of the Holy Communion, and afterwards with St. Luke's Hospital, though it was not expressly under my Episcopal supervision. In later years I have myself instituted two Sisterhoods, which are each under the charge of a pastor, and in a general way under my supervision—the *Sisterhood of St. Mary*, having charge of the House of Mercy, the Child's Hospital, and the admirable School for Young Ladies; and the *Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd*, having charge of an excellent mission work in St. Barnabas House, in connection with the City Mission Society.* In neither case did I undertake to regulate every minute feature of the organization. These three Sisterhoods have not all had precisely the same features, but they all have had my warm sympathy and support.

The Sisterhood of St. Mary is rapidly growing in favor: it is increasing in numbers; and in proportion to that increase it is cautiously but firmly extending its Christian work. It is at perfect unity in itself. Its school for young ladies, instituted with a view to imparting a thorough education under strictly religious and Church influences, and especially to afford a cheap education which might arrest the tendency of our Church parents to send their daughters, for the sake of economy, to the schools of a hostile communion, is an eminent success. It is very nearly full; and already some of the daughters of our Church have been withdrawn from the schools of that hostile communion, and placed under the care of the Sisters of St. Mary. One of the most engaging and promising features of the Sisterhood of St. Mary, and I think of both the other Sisterhoods, is the bright, cheerful spirit of the Sisters. I know they shrink from the idea of being publicly

*I have pleasure in adding that the Rev. Dr. Lawrence, of the Church of the Holy Communion, has instituted a Sisterhood, which takes the name of his church, and is actively engaged with several kinds of work; having charge of the wards of St. Luke's Hospital, a Home for Old Women, a Shelter for Respectable Girls, a School of over fifty poor children, and a Dispensary, open daily for the benefit of the poor of the neighborhood. This Sisterhood is under my general supervision as visitor.

eulogized; but in the present state of things in the Church, something is due in justice to the subject; and I must be allowed to say that hardly anything in the interior life of the Sisterhood has interested and encouraged me more than the admirable union of saintly sweetness and devotion, and unlimited self-sacrifice in labor, with a bright, sunny cheerfulness, and with a quick common sense in dealing with practical matters connected with their life and work. There has been none of that morbid disposition to lay upon themselves and upon others unnecessary burdens—depressing severities which break the spirit without helping the religious life, or the Christian work.

It is intended by the Sisterhood of St. Mary, to engage, as their numbers increase, in several other kinds of Christian work, and it is not improbable that circumstances may lead to the establishment of daughter houses in other places where they are desired, composed at first of Sisters from the Parent House, and to retain some connection with it. They will provide trained nurses for the sick, who can render assistance, not only in various Institutions, but in very critical and anxious cases, in private families who may desire to have their aid. This will be an important step toward supplying a great need which is beginning to be more and more deeply felt. The exceeding value of that kind of service has been abundantly proved. Then, my dear brethren, look at our *City Mission Work*, look at *the Christian visiting* which needs to be done by intelligent, well-trained, heavenly-minded women in the lanes and garrets of our cities; to rescue little children, to watch by the sick and dying, to minister counsel and succor to the destitute and friendless, to win back the wanderers to the arms of the Church, to be eyes and hands and voice for the missionary and the minister of the parish,—a work which needs to be done continuously, systematically, by a tender, well-tried, responsible agent. *It is a cheap instrumentality*. These devoted women ask nothing but our countenance, our blessing, and the simplest of the needful things of life. The very crumbs from our tables would suffice them. Their agency ought to be spread as a religious *net work* over the whole city.

And then, my dear brethren, think of the *cheap educational work*, high-toned in its relgios character, and of the *cheap mission work* which might be spread over the whole of our country, and extended to our foreign missions. There are, at this moment, Christian women enough in the land, standing comparatively idle, who might be quickened with a new breath of life, filled with a new joy, and made a mighty potential element in the work of Christianizing this nation, and alleviating the sorrows of its sufferers.

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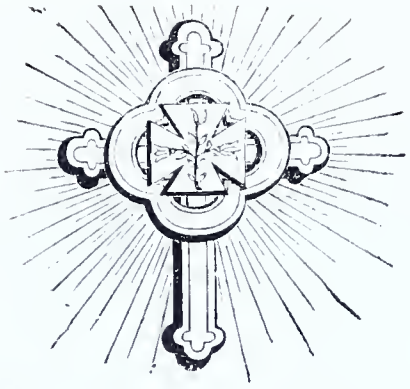

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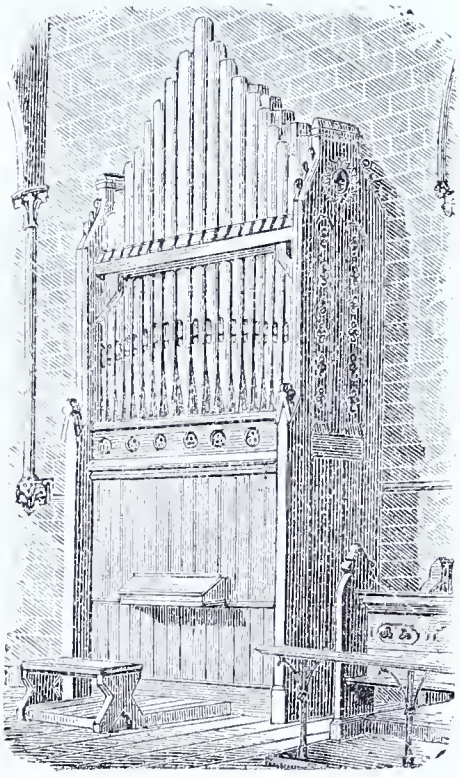

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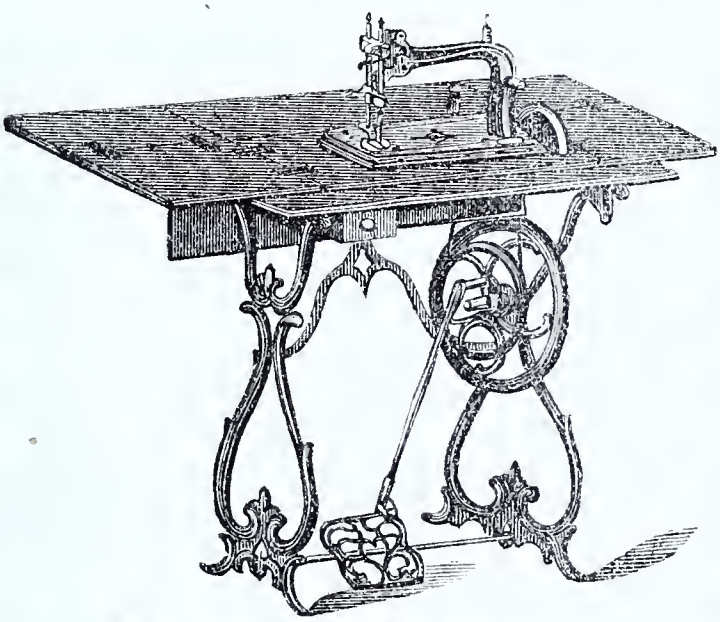

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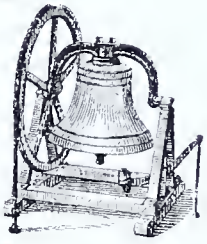

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By using it, you get rid of the annoyances of hot water in summer, and of steam in the house (so productive of colds) in winter.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY OF IT.

Arthur's *Home Magazine* for October, 1870, contains a paragraph headed "A Blessing to Housekeepers," in which the writer, after a few remarks upon the wonderful cleansing properties of this soap, telling how "easily it washes out grease, paint or any kind of dirt, in cold water, adds, "All this that we state we know to be true; for we have not only seen the 'Cold Water Soap' used over and over again, and always with a magic-like result, but we know many families who are using it, and who would not now do without it if the cost were doubled." And the writer closes by saying: "We advise all housekeepers to get some of this soap and try it; they will be surprised and delighted at the result."

The *Workingman* (a neat Monthly published in Philadelphia, 809 Chestnut street, and "devoted to the best interests of all who labor with hands or brain") has a column in its November issue headed "Interesting to every Housekeeper," in which it says: "Any woman can try this soap for herself, in her own room. The result will be so like magic that she will be in surprise and delight.

"We have seen a lady take a badly-soiled tidy or antimacassar, put it in suds made in her room with this Cold Water Soap, and in five minutes cleanse it as white as a curd. We have seen her take hair ribbons, cap-laces, collars, fine worsted work, cambric handkerchiefs, silk and cotton gloves, etc., etc, and wash them in three or four minutes as clean as when they were new.

"For poor women, who have their own washing and housework to do, this Cold Water Soap will prove the kindest of friends."

The Providence *General Advertiser* (Oct. 29) says of it: "Should a convention of ladies be held to discuss the merits of the great variety of soaps now before the public, we believe it would be the unanimous voice of the body that 'Warfield's Cold Water Self-washing Soap' is entitled to rank A No. 1."

A lady in Providence, writing to Mrs. B. F. Barrett, of Philadelphia, after using it three months, says: "This Cold Water Soap is really one of the greatest inventions of the age A lady in this city washed a silk Roman scarf with it without injuring the fabric at all; and it heightened the colors. I had a 'rigolette' knit of split zephyr, white and delicate rose shade. It was very much soiled, for I knew it would be spoiled by the common mode of washing. But the Cold Water Soap brought it out good as new."

E. Page Davis, Esq., Commissioner of Immigration for the State of Minnesota (office, 156 Broadway, N. Y.) writes to Mr. I. N. Gregory, of Philadelphia: "I can most heartily and cheerfully recommend Warfield's Cold Water Soap. As a laundry soap it is so far superior to any other which has been used in my family (and we have used all) that comparison with them would be out of place.

"When this soap was presented to me for trial, I looked upon it with suspicion. And my wife said 'Humbug!' for she had before tried soaps, for which similar properties and virtues were claimed, with results far from favorable.

"But on the first trial of Warfield's we were astonished at the result, it being even better than claimed. And now, after using it several months in my own family, and from the testimony of all our friends who have used it, I can truly say that, as a laundry soap, it has no equal. My linen never looked so pure and white as since washed with it. It is labor-saving and economical. It dispenses with the use of the washboard, and thereby saves the wear and tear on clothing. It washes with cold water, and does not in any way injure the fabric."

And Mrs. Davis, in the same letter, adds her testimony, and says: "I fully subscribe to all the statements contained in the above, and would prefer Warfield's soap, such as I have been using, at 50 cents per pound, to any other soap I ever used for nothing."

Thousands of testimonials similar to the foregoing might really be obtained. But nothing will be half so convincing, after all, as TRYING THE SOAP YOURSELF.

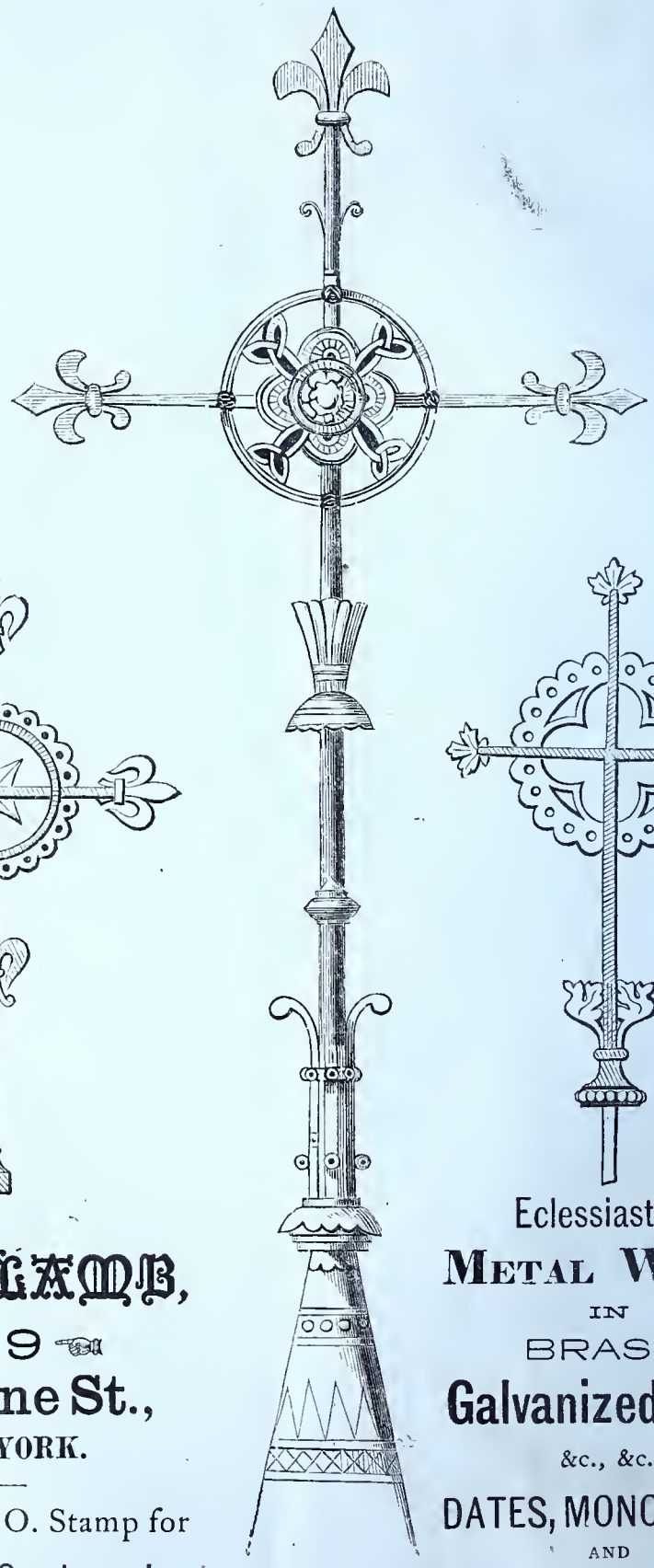
FOR SALE BY ALL THE PRINCIPAL GROCERS.

Manufactured by Warfield's Cold Water Soap Co.

Factory, 487 River Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Proprietors for the States of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota.

Riverside Printing House, No. 1 Spring Street, Milwaukee.



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